

CLOSING SENTIMENTS OF ATTORNEY LIGHTFOOT'S ADDRESS

PLANTERS PROFITS IMPRESSED ON JURY

FIGURES OF SPEECH IN JAPANESE NEWSPAPERS.

Stories From Pickwick—Sycophants Should Be Run Out — What Was Done by Negro at Kahuku.

Following are the closing remarks of Attorney Lightfoot before the jury in the conspiracy trial.

Mr. Lightfoot. May it please the court and gentlemen of the jury: Prior to the adjournment for lunch we had discussing the real meat of this question, namely, the question of conspiracy. We saw that we were trying these defendants for perjury on certain details, certain things; to wit, combining together to prevent these five plantations from carrying on their business—that and nothing else. We were seeing that the prosecution, in order to fix this crime upon us, depends upon certain details, certain causes, one of which was the relation between—that was supposed to exist between the Higher Wage Association of Honolulu and those in the outside districts; the relation that was supposed to exist between the Higher Wage Association and the govt's room; the responsibility of the Higher Wage Association for the play that was found in Mr. Negoro's room; the responsibility of the Higher Wage Association for the plan of campaign which Mr. Kinney in his opening address to you said was the plan of the Higher Wage Association and which you saw, gentlemen of the jury, was not anything of the kind but a plan for some other organizations which are probably now being formed.

And now we are coming to a feature that the prosecution relies upon very much indeed, and that is these okintama men, these glorious sycophants. We have heard "sycophants" and "sycophants" until we have been indeed sick of the "phants" and everything else. We have had sycophants to breakfast and sycophants to luncheon and sycophants to dinner; we have ate and slept with "sycophants" and it has been poured into our ears morning, noon and night until I will take a solemn oath that when I get out of this case, if anybody comes to me and says "sycophants," I will "okintama" him just as sure as God made little apples; I won't stand it.

Those Sycophants.

Now a great deal is made about these sycophants. You know, gentlemen, don't you, from your own experience, that a great deal depends upon the way you look at things. You can take the simplest things, sometimes, and look at them so that they—"Oh, they are dreadful, and yet at the same time they are quite simple. It all depends upon the point of view, doesn't it? Does not everything depend upon the point of view? When Professor Denning came to these islands as an expert on Japanese he came here, didn't he? with his mind made up. It is not a fact that the Japanese Government sent him here, as Mr. Kinney says,—that is, if Mr. Denning's statement is true. His statement is that he is a school-teacher teaching school in some place called something or other,—I can never be a good Japanese scholar; fairly good, but never a good one; I can't remember the name of the place. And the Government telephoned to the editor of a paper, Captain Brinckley, and asked Captain Brinckley—I think that is his name—to come here and do this work, and the learned captain could not come and sent a telegram to Mr. Denning, Professor Denning, and he came. He got permission from his government to come and I suppose will get permission from the government to keep the \$2,000. But he came here with his mind made up, didn't he? And when he told you—when he held up his hands in holy horror at this word "okintama," he was holding up his hands at something that he didn't know the first blessed thing about; something that in the Territory of Hawaii had a local meaning, and it all depended on the way you look at it. I am reminded of a story, told of the late Samuel Wilberforce, who was Bishop of Oxford for many years. The story is told by his nephew, who afterwards Bishop of Newcastle,—a splendid old gentleman he was,—was always going after sporting persons. He had a lot of persons who were sports; they would go to prize-fights, I suppose, and have a good time generally. Well, he called up one poor unfortunate parson, whom we will call Mr. Black, and he said,

"Mr. Black, you have a good time in your parish, don't you?" "O yes, my lord, very good time." "You enjoy the hunting and the shooting, etc.?" "O yes, my lord, very much indeed." "Go for hunting?" "O yes, my lord." "Now let me see, I think I have heard, Mr. Black, that you drive tandem"—that is driving one horse in front of the other, you know—"Yes, my lord, I drive tandem." "Push, well now, Mr. Black, do you think that it is quite, you know, clerical?" "Of course there is nothing wrong in driving tandem, but is it quite clerical?" Mr. Black said, "Well, my lord, I don't think there is anything wrong about it; I notice that when my Lord Bishop goes out he drives his carriage and pair, and if there can be no harm in driving two horses side by side I don't see that there can be any harm in driving one horse before the other." "Oh said the bishop, "that's so; that's so, but there is a little difference, and let me show you, Mr. Black, that there is a little difference. It all depends upon the point of view; you put the two hands together side by side, that way, (showing); and that is a commonly accepted attitude of devotion, isn't it? But when you put one before the other like that (thumb of one hand touching little finger of the other), why it isn't; it all depends upon the way you look at it."

Word of Local Origin.

Now isn't that all there is about this word "okintama"? It was imported—it had, evidently, some local use in Japan, just the same as in America and particularly in England, there are little villages there, little districts there, that use a word that would be unknown to people living in any other district; not slang but a word of local origin. Now these people coming from this district brought the word with them, and it has now come to be commonly used as representing the word "sycophant."

Now what is a sycophant? A sycophant, as described in our dictionary, is derived from two Greek words, and in course of time the word has come to mean a person who goes to the councils of one party, learns their secrets; then goes and reports those secrets to the councils of another, for the sake of some reward. I think we might, if we do not want to use the word sycophant, use the word "sneak;" for a sycophant is a sneak from beginning to end. Now, gentlemen of the jury, I am free to confess to you that I hate and detest a sneak, and I don't believe that there is one gentleman in the jury box who does not feel just the same as I do. In your boyhood, those of you who played football, didn't you have the sycophant in your class? Didn't you have some miserable little beast who would come when you were playing football and hear you—and learn your signals and then go and tell them to the next class that you were going to play against the next week? You were lucky if you didn't have such a little snipe, because they exist in nearly all schools. And you know the treatment that they get; that when the little beast is found out, going and telling these tales, the Lord help him!

Planters and Strikers.

You have seen it after you left school; you have seen it in business matters; you have seen people come to you time after time, or go to others and try to get their secrets and then use it for their own advantage. It is one form of scandal-mongering—a thing that is not by any means confined to the gentler sex; men do it—ought to be ashamed of it—just as well as women do it. It is the going and sneaking up to another person and telling him tales,—tattle tales tit business, you know,—that is the sycophant; and that is what it meant throughout these articles when we say the "sycophants must be ostracised." And mustn't they be ostracised? Is there anything wrong in ostracising them? Mr. Kinney would have you believe that it is the most terrible thing in the world that these sycophants should be ostracised. Now is it? Let us look at the thing as man to man. Here we have a very large number of Japanese who are seeking by legal and proper means a legal and proper advantage, to wit, an increase of the wages. Mind you, the planter had knowledge; it has been admitted before you in this court-room that those Japanese are entitled to more wages,—but they don't get them. It is a case of hope on, hope on, for they have been trying, trying and trying, and the planters say to them, "Well, continue to have hope; you wait, and by and by, when we find out whether Cuba will be good, and whether it will be necessary to send troops there again, and when we find out whether Cuba won't be annexed by and by, and then when we find out in the case of annexation of Cuba that the tariff on sugar will not be affected, then it may be that you shall have a raise of wages. Be good, my children; keep on working in our cane

fields, and while we will continue to make our enormous dividends, perhaps by and by, when you are an old man or dead and buried, then the wages will be raised." And so the Japanese said, "Well, we don't like that waiting proposition; we want something now. It is all right enough to tell us that we shall have a golden crown when we are dead; we want something to wear now." And so we band ourselves together. We will demand—Mr. Kinney is terrified at the word demand—"We will demand," and I say rightly the Japanese said, "We will demand higher pay." That is what you do, isn't it? Isn't that what you would do if you felt that you were being oppressed, if you felt that you were being forced to work day after day and week after week and year after year and no respect was paid to your requests for increase of pay, although you are informed that you are entitled to them? I say you are perfectly justified, gentlemen of the jury, as these Japanese were, in demanding an increase of pay.

Now they get together and they talk the matter over. "We will do this; we will do that; we will do the other." It may be that they have said, "Well, we will try and have an interview with the planters; maybe that we will see Mr. W. O. Smith; maybe that we will do it or it may be necessary to go out on strike," and then we find that while we are discussing this thing there is one little fellow in our midst who is going every time and tattle-tailing to the planters, saying, "Mr. Planters' Association, do you know what my countrymen are doing? Do you know what your laborers are doing? They are going to demand higher wages, and if they do not get higher wages they are going out on strike. Now we had a meeting last night at Ishih house—or wherever it may be—"and Mr. So and So spoke and he said this, and Mr. So and So spoke and he said the other, and the plan is that they are going to do this and do that, so you prepare yourself and get ready for them and take what means you can do either have these men put in jail where they will be out of the way or take some other steps to frustrate the plans of these horrible people my countrymen." He became ostracised and he deserved all he got in the way of ostracism; for what is ostracism? It has been explained to you over and over and over again, until you are as sick of it as you are of sycophants, that ostracism means to "exclude from our councils." Haven't they a perfect right to exclude him from their councils? Wouldn't they have been blithering idiots if they had gone on, holding their meetings and planning what they should do to get higher wages, having a little sneak there who would leave their meeting and go straight and report it to the planters, everything that was said and who had said it?

I say that he deserved ostracism of that kind and he has no complaint coming when he got ostracised, when he got turned out of their councils, when they said, "Mr. Sheba, you have cast in your lot with the planters; go to them. We will hold no communion with you; you can't come into our councils because you are an okintama man."

Now learned Prosecuting Attorney paints a pitiful picture, oh, a dreadful picture, of the suffering this poor man must have undergone by reason of his being excluded from the conferences and councils of the Japanese. I say to you, gentlemen of the jury, look at the thing man-fashion, and if you look at the thing man-fashion you will say "Sheba made his bed and he should lie upon it." Sheba elected to stand in with the Planters' Association as against his own countrymen and he has no kick coming when his own countrymen refuse to have anything to do with him, refuse to confide in him, refuse to let him know what their plans are or how they expect to proceed to secure higher wages.

I say that there is no sympathy—as far as excluding from their councils—coming to Mr. Sheba. Let him go and associate with the planters. With the Japanese, who are seeking the benefit of an advance of wages, he can have no council, because he is a sneak and because he is a sycophant, and he is where he belongs. Exclude him from the councils of the Japanese.

Isn't that just exactly what "sycophant" means? In one of the most terrible articles, one of the most frightful articles, that was written in the Jiji, we have just explained what the sycophants are,—in a translation of Professor Denning of the Jiji of February the 6th, "On Sycophants. Get rid of them!"—I will speak of "get rid of them" by and by—"There are in the plantations certain noxious insects," as Denning translates them, "vipers," as Sheba translates them,—called "sycophants." They constantly disturb the peaceful relations of the planters and the laborers." They are trouble-makers, don't you see? "They are the source of the discord

that exists in the plantations. If we desire to restore concord to the plantations and to further the interests of the laborers we must get rid of these sycophants," these noxious insects, these vipers. "As for the two great sycophant newspapers of Honolulu, we have chastised them a good deal." Yes, their circulation has pretty nearly ceased. They cannot complain about that; they chose as a business proposition to fight higher wages and if, as a result of the policy of their papers they lose their circulation, these men are not going to be sent to jail for conspiracy on that account, are they? Is that the way business men do? Many and many a time the business man is faced with a proposition,—"Shall I take this course or shall I take that course?" He does not quite know which one to take. "Shall I give up this job and take that job? Shall I take that contract at such a price or shall I take it at another price?" and he takes it, and when he has taken it he is a baby if he yelps and says, "Oh, I have lost money on that contract and I wish I had not taken it. All you people ought to sympathize with me so much because I made a mistake in my business venture, and you ought to shed tears with me and come and commiserate with me because I didn't do the right thing. What I did I perhaps did for the best at the time, but I see it was a mistake." You would say, "My dear fellow, you took your chances to win or lose, and now, when you have taken your chances, don't whine; swallow your little medicine like a little man and do better next time." But to whine and say, "Oh, we have lost our circulation; nobody will subscribe for the Shinpo any more. We used to be the leading newspaper of the Hawaiian Islands and now we are not. Oh, won't you be sorry for us? Won't you commiserate with us? Won't you come into our back yard and flood the place with your tears," bah!

As for the two great sycophant newspapers of Honolulu, we have chastised them a great deal. So what we desire is that you who live on the plantations should exert yourselves in getting rid of the sycophants who are to be found here and there on the plantations. These fellows receive a little higher pay than any other man, and because of this they put on airs and treat you with contempt." This is the first reason why they should be got rid of: "These sycophants secretly disclose to the planters the real state of feeling among the Japanese. They spread all kinds of false reports about people and thus injure the interests of the Japanese. They are enemies to the laborers. They are traitors." And they are both.

This is the second reason why they should be punished: "These sycophants try to interfere with the flow of good feeling between the planters and their employees. They endeavor to separate the planters and the laborers and to prevent the latter from knowing what are the real intentions or motives of the former. They do their best to keep the planters in ignorance of the reasonable expectations of the laborers. So these sycophants, because of the constant discord in the plantations, they are enemies to peace. The strikes which have occurred have been the result of the base and malicious artifices of these sycophants." This is the third reason why they should be got rid of.

Get Rid of Them.

Now, gentlemen of the jury, shouldn't they be gotten rid of? I repeat, would not the Japanese of the Territory of Hawaii be blithering idiots if they did not get rid of the sycophants? And there is no reason why these four men should be convicted of the crime of conspiracy because of these sycophants.

I have spoken about Sheba. Now, in this connection, there has a great effort been made to draw tears from you on account of Sheba's little girl. There was a poem, an alleged poem—I must say I cannot understand Japanese poetry; I hope you can—one of the things that we are charged with saying is, "If the cuckoo does not sing I will not dare to make it sing." Now if you can make any poetry out of that you are welcome to it. But there was a poem, and that poem has been brought before you almost as regularly as the sycophants have. We have wept and wept and wept until our tears have dried and we haven't another tear to shed, because of this poor little girl of Mr. Sheba. "Mama, how is it that people say that my father is a dog, that he is a traitor, that he is a spy? Why, my child, it is because he is—" And just imagine the cruelty of going to that child and talking to it in that way; but who in the name of heaven ever did go to the little thing and say anything of the sort? Do you know? Is there a word of testimony that anybody ever said a word to that innocent little child? This was an article in the newspaper; no one claims that anyone was so heartless, so brutal, as to go

to the little child and say this about her father; it was the poem in the newspaper. There was a newspaper controversy at that time, a bitter newspaper controversy as the testimony is, waged between the Jiji on the one hand and the Shinpo, Jiji and Chronicle on the other, and they were each trying their best to down each other,—just the same as the Advertiser and the Bulletin, just exactly the same, just exactly the same; and the Jiji, in order to express completely its opinion of Mr. Sheba, that he was a sneak, gave this poem.

Different in Japanese.

We should not consider it in good form; we should consider it not at all a proper thing to put in our newspapers and we, English speaking people, have no sympathy with that kind of thing. But this was not an English paper; it was a Japanese paper. It is their way of looking at things, and I submit that it was no terrible thing; not at all as if anyone had actually gone to the little thing and said these cruel or heartless things about her papa.

Now as to the sycophants of Kahuku, we are responsible! It seems that the laborers on Kahuku had a meeting—Mind you, the Kahuku Higher Wage Association having absolutely nothing whatever to do with the Honolulu Higher Wage Association—They had a meeting, and at that meeting they elected certain of these sycophants or sneaks, and they went further and did what they had no right to do; they said, "You must get off the plantation in three days, and to show you that we are sorry for you we resolved that we will give each one of you ten money to the amount of \$300." Now they had no right to do that. If we had only had Mr. Kinney there at the time to advise them that this was a very wicked and a very terrible thing for them to do; that they had no right to order these people off the plantation, then I have no doubt that things would have been different; but unfortunately that learned gentleman was not there; unfortunately these people were ignorant and did what doubtless they thought they had a right to do, but which they had no right to do.

Now then, let it be granted that that was a terrible thing for them to do,—how does that affect this case? Just let us understand each other. We are not being charged with false imprisonment or any charge of that nature; we are not being charged with assault and battery; we are not being charged with making these men leave the Kahuku plantation. We are being charged with conspiring together to undo or to prevent the five plantations named from carrying on their business, and conspiring to impoverish them. Now if this unlawful act of sending these three men—for they were sent from the plantation—is traceable to a conspiracy between these four people,—and the ghosts, or the ghosts—if it was done in pursuance of that conspiracy, when these men are guilty as charged. But they knew absolutely nothing about it. There is evidence that Mr. Negoro was over there and the question of ostracising these three, or was it four?—sycophants came up, and there was some doubt as to this sky-pilot over there; was he a sycophant or wasn't he a sycophant? and the laborers came to the conclusion that he was a sycophant. Now when the good people from Honolulu were over there, three of them said, "Well, this person isn't such a bad fellow; he is a good man; he is a good man, and we don't think that you had better put him on the list as a sycophant." Mr. Negoro said, "That is none of our business. We come here, invited by the good people of Kahuku to address them. Now they have decided that the reverend gentleman is a sycophant. It is up to them, and if they are satisfied that the reverend gentleman is a sycophant, that he is tale-bearing, that he is causing trouble between employer and employee, that is none of our business. They know better than we do, and no matter though we do like the reverend gentleman, no matter though he be our bosom friends, yet, if the laborers of Kahuku are satisfied that he is a sycophant, it is their business and not ours."

And isn't that all? Is there a word of testimony in this trial that these people told Mr. Negoro or Mr. Makino or any of the other defendants that those three or four men were to be driven from the plantation? Gentlemen, not a word, absolutely not a word. When Mr. Negoro said that this man, this reverend gentleman, was to be put on the sycophant list if the laborers of Kahuku felt that he was a sycophant, he was acting within his rights, and he never did advise that this gentleman or any other gentleman should be driven away from the plantation. He did advise that he should be treated as a sycophant and excluded from the councils of the laborers, and that is all.

And what is true of the sycophants at Kahuku is also true of the doctor in Kohala and the interpreter at Waipahu, the man Shimizu;—Wasn't he a sycophant? A sycophant of the worst kind, and they did well to exclude these sycophants from their society.

Now then, we come to the last of these charges that it is claimed by the prosecution go to make up, and from which you can infer, the crime of conspiracy; that is, the use of certain violent words.

Bear in mind, gentlemen, that here was a bitter newspaper controversy; that is the first thing to get in your heads, and let it remain there, good and deep. A bitter newspaper controversy, that is the testimony, and bear in mind also that these newspapers, the Jiji, the Shinpo, the Jiji and the Chronicle, are written in the Japanese language. Now bear in mind also that the Japanese language, like every other language, lends itself readily to figures of speech.

Isn't it so in Hawaiian? "Wela ka hao!" I think that means, "The iron is hot," but don't you hear the word used many and many a time, meaning not that at all but something else, having some other meaning to your minds except a piece of hot iron? Why, of course, "Huki mai ka ulua!" which I am informed means "Pull away at the fish nets," but in common parlance I understand that it means something very different, what, I am sure I don't know; I am not a Hawaiian scholar. I have heard the word used many times, and so I believe it is throughout your language, that you use in Hawaiian figures of speech, and very, very extensively.

We do in our language, don't we? Did you see the statements made by Cordell and Sullivan the other day in the newspapers? Cordell says, "I am going to take the scalp of Dick Sullivan in my belt to San Francisco." He did not mean that at all, did he? He was not going out scalping for anything. He didn't have a knife as far as I saw; I didn't see him make any attempt to scalp Dick Sullivan. It was said in a report the other day that there were trouble and dissensions in President Taft's Cabinet, and that Mr. Wickersham, the Attorney General of the United States, was after the scalp of Mr. Barrows. After the scalp? Just imagine seeing the Attorney General of the United States sneaking around with a sharp knife to get the scalp of Mr. Barrows! Isn't it ridiculous; isn't it foolish!

So in that same paper that I have referred to before, Mr. Dick Sullivan says, "I am in prime condition and I am going to get rid of"—Just imagine, "Tajji!" "I am going to get rid of Cordell before the 15th round." Now isn't that awful! Mr. Dick Sullivan ought never to have been allowed to fight; the Planters' Association ought to have come in and said "Now Dick, my boy, you mustn't do these things; you mustn't talk that fellow, and to see that you do not we are going to lock you up."

The learned prosecuting attorney the other day said that he was going to "nail Mr. Negoro to the cross." Heavens! Going to nail him to the cross! Why, gentlemen, do you know that is an awful thing. Didn't it make the cold perspiration run down your back? Just imagine Mr. W. A. Kinney, the Nestor of the Hawaiian Bar, engaged busily with hammer and nails fastening the poor beggar to the cross. Weren't you scared to death? I wasn't; I didn't think that Mr. Kinney was such a dreadful man as that. I have been in many a hard battle with him but I never yet knew of Mr. Kinney or any member of his firm committing such a crime, never once, gentlemen. I give you my word of honor, and I don't believe that Mr. Kinney ever did nail anybody to the cross and I don't think that in the future he is going to nail anybody to the cross. If you were to come to me tomorrow morning and say, "Mr. Kinney nailed Mr. Negoro to the cross," I should deny it, I am very sure.

Now what did he mean? We know what he means, don't we? Don't we use expressions over and over and over again such as "boku metau" in our language, "Get rid of," "Nail him to the cross," "Get his scalp," "Put him out of business," "Give him his sleeping draught,"—all sorts of things we use and we don't mean that at all.

Although the words have a meaning, other than the actual words. When Mr. Kinney said he was going to nail Mr. Negoro to the cross it was not just idle words. You knew what he meant and I knew what he meant. And when Cordell said that he was going to take Sullivan's scalp in his belt we didn't think for a moment that Cordell was going armed with a scalping knife. We knew what he meant,—that he was going to get the victory in the fight. Now isn't that so? Now don't we look sometimes through colored spectacles? You know that if you have on a pair of red spectacles and you look out, everything is red. And if you go and pick out words, words,

just one word here and another word there,—"Oh, what a dreadful thing this is! What a dreadful thing this makes!"

I don't know if many of you have read a very interesting book by the great author Dickens called the "Pickwick Papers?" Pickwick was an elderly gentleman, a fat old fellow, jovial chap and a good sort, and he engaged lodgings at Mrs. Bardell cleared his rooms and attended to him as a housekeeper; cooked his meals and brushed his coat, etc. Mrs. Bardell formed the acquaintance of a lawyer,—always a bad thing to do; you always want to keep away from the lawyer,—but she formed the acquaintance of a lawyer whose name was Sergeant Buzz-fuzz—and he well deserved his name—and through the influence of Sergeant Buzz-fuzz Mrs. Bardell began a suit to recover fifteen thousand pounds for breach of promise to marry against Mr. Pickwick. And in this "Pickwick Papers" there is a very, very comical account of the trial, and particularly the opening to the jury made by Mr. Sergeant Buzz-fuzz. I will read some of that,—just a little recreation; Sergeant Buzz-fuzz's opening to the jury:

"The plaintiff, gentlemen," continued Sergeant Buzz-fuzz in a soft and melancholy voice. "The plaintiff, gentlemen, is a widow, gentlemen, a widow. The late Mr. Bardell, after enjoying for many years the esteem and confidence of his sovereign, as one of the guardians of his royal revenue, glided almost imperceptibly from the world, to seek elsewhere for that repose and peace which a custom-house can never afford."

"At this pathetic description" of the deceased—"Well, we will leave that out."

"Sometime before his death he had stamped his likeness upon a little boy—"

It is always good to talk to a jury about a little child, you know—"With this little boy, the only pledge of her departed excitement, Mrs. Bardell shrunk from the world, and courted the retirement and tranquility of Goswell street; and here she placed in her front parlor window a written placard bearing this inscription:—'Apartments furnished for a single gentleman. Inquire within.' Here Sergeant Buzz-fuzz paused, while surveying the gentlemen of the jury."

"There is no date to this instrument, gentlemen of the jury, but I am instructed to say that it was put in the plaintiff's parlor window just this time three years. I entreat the attention of the jury to the wording of this document, 'Apartments furnished for a single gentleman.' Mrs. Bardell's opinion of the opposite sex, gentlemen, was derived from a long contemplation of the inestimable qualities of her lost husband. She had no fear, she had no distrust, she had no suspicion; all was confidence and reliance. 'Mr. Bardell,' said the widow, 'Mr. Bardell was a man of honor; Mr. Bardell was a man of his word; Mr. Bardell was no deceiver; Mr. Bardell was once a single gentleman himself; to single gentlemen I look for protection, for assistance, for comfort,' etc.

And then there are two love letters,—

"And now, gentlemen, but one word more. Two letters have passed between these parties, letters which are admitted to be in the handwriting of the defendant, and which speak volumes indeed. These letters, too, bespeak the character of the man. They are not open, fervent, eloquent epistles, breathing nothing but the language of affectionate attachment. They are covert, sly, underhanded communications, but, fortunately, far more conclusive than if couched in the most glowing language and the most poetic imagery—letters that must be viewed with a cautious and suspicious eye—letters that were evidently intended at the time by Pickwick to mislead and delude any third parties into whose hands they might fall. Let me read the first: 'Garraway's, twelve o'clock. Dear Mrs. B.—Chops and tomato sauce. Yours, Pickwick.' [Gentlemen, what does this mean? Chops and tomato sauce. Yours, Pickwick! Chops! Gracious heavens! and tomato sauce! Gentlemen, is the happiness of a sensitive and confiding female to be trifled away by such shallow artifices as these? The next has no date whatever, which is in itself suspicious. 'Dear Mrs. B., I shall not be at home till tomorrow. Slow coach.' And then follows this very remarkable expression: 'Don't trouble yourself about the warming pan.'"

A warming pan is a little pan in which little coals are put, which is put between the sheets at nights in cold weather.—

(To Be Concluded Tomorrow.)

RATHER EMBARRASSING.

"That Englishman is a funny chap," remarked the hat salesman in the big hotel; "he hasn't been out of his room today."

"No, he is victim of circumstances," confided the coffee salesman.

"Victim of circumstances?"

"Yes, he put his shoes outside his door last night, according to the English custom, and somebody threw them at a cat down the areaway."